Democrat and Sentinel.

THE BLESSINGS OF GOVERNMENT, LIKE THE DEWS OF HEAVEN, SHOULD BE DISTRIBUTED ALIKE UPON THE HIGH AND THE LOW, THE RICH AND THE POOR.

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☞ Letters must be post paid to secure attention.

Select Poetry.

BURY ME IN THE MORNING.

BY MRS. HALE.

Bury me in the morning, mother;
Oh! let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere you leave me alone with night;
Alone in the night of the grave, mother—
'Tis a thought of terrible fear!—
And you will be here alone, mother,
And stars will be shining here.
So bury me in the morn, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.

You tell of the Saviour's love, mother—
I feel it in my heart;
But, oh! from this beautiful world, mother,
'Tis hard for the young to part!
Forever to part, when here, mother,
The soul is fain to stay,
For the grave is deep and dark, mother,
And heaven seems far away.
Then bury me in the morn, mother,
And let me have the light
Of one bright day on my grave, mother,
Ere I am alone with night.

Never unclasp my hand, mother,
Till it falls away from thine—
Let me hold the pledge of thy love, mother,
Till I feel the love divine:
The love divine—Oh! look mother—
Above, its beams I see;
And there an angel's face, mother,
Is smiling down on me!
So bury me in the morn, mother,
When sunbeams flood the sky—
For Death is the gate of Life, mother,
And leads to light on high.

WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

BY RICHARD COE.

'Tis woman's holy, blessed right,
To watch beside the bed,
Of infancy, throughout the night
Of darkness round it spread;
To soothe in accents soft and mild,
Whene'er it may complain;
To breathe a prayer above her child,
That God may heal again.

'Tis woman's holy, blessed right,
To guard the steps of youth,
And shed the influence of her might
On innocence and youth!
To guide, to counsel, and befriend,
To comfort and to cheer;
In joy to smile, in grief to lend
A sympathising tear.

'Tis woman's holy, blessed right,
To manhood's stormer life,
To be a solace and delight
As fond and faithful wife;
With Him to speak her Maker's praise,
With him to bend her knee:
Throughout the everlasting days,
To Thee, Great God, to Thee!

'Tis woman's holy, blessed right,
To give to faltering age,
The use of both her voice and sight,
To read the sacred Page.
On which, in glowing characters,
The while she runs she reads,
The glorious privilege is hers,
Of gentle thoughts and deeds.

'Tis woman's holy, blessed right,
To whisper "Peace! be still!"
Where angry tempests shall affright,
Or threaten man with ill;
Her right to love him from his birth,
To weep above his sod;
To be, the while she treads the earth,
Co-worker with her God!

Tales and Sketches.

A SOCIAL EXPERIMENT.

[A recent number of the *Leader* contains a letter from America, by the perusal of which we have been exceedingly interested, and we may add, deeply impressed. It relates to the association of Fourierites in New Jersey, and concludes with some observations upon social morals in the United States generally. The letter will repay an attentive perusal:]—

I spent some five months at the North American Phalanstery, and entered sufficiently into its industries and social arrangements to acquire an intimate knowledge of its workings. Looked at from a Fourierist point of view, it is a complete failure. In its attempted organization of labour, there is not yet—after a strenuous and persevering attempt of ten years' duration—the first glimpse of anything like "*attractive* industry." I never saw any set of people go about their work in a more uninterested, or in a more slipshod manner, than the members of the North American Phalanx, with, of course, some few exceptions. A company of New-York mechanics, house-builders, for example, present an appearance of infinitely greater animation.

In regard to social relations, you find precisely the same evils as elsewhere, with a considerable intensification in several respects. The young people are, in general, *intensely unhappy*. Education can hardly be said to exist, and there seems to be a studious avoidance of all inculcation of Fourier's doctrines, the major portion of which are absolutely *proscribed*.

On the other hand, it would be difficult to exaggerate the bright side of the picture; and it is this which is the first to strike the attention of the stranger. The organization of domestic industry, although very imperfect, has accomplished all that the most sanguine social reformers have anticipated in this direction. So far from the prognostications of the political economists as to the universal level of *misery* being accomplished, it is proved practically that *the miseries of poverty are purely artificial*. For five months I lived with my family at a public table spread with necessaries, and even many luxuries, superior to those enjoyed by the average of the middle classes in England, at yet and prices within the means of the mechanic, and even of the agricultural labourer. Moreover, the spacious and even elegant dining-hall of the association was, many a time during the winter months, converted into a ball and assembly-room, where, at a cost within the means of the poorest, entertainments were enjoyed, such as in real, significant beauty, I have seldom seen surpassed.

The followers of Charles Fourier, who are in this country very numerous, seem to be chiefly of two classes—those who regard the failure of this attempt and its forty defunct predecessors as owing to their material poverty, and those who attribute it to the inherent vices of the organization. Facts are entirely on the side of the latter. Both regard the assumption of the name of "Phalanstery" by this little association with feelings akin to indignation, and certainly not without reason; for the general course of life at the North American Phalanstery is a miserable caricature of the fairy-like conceptions of the *materialist Fourierites*; while the more rational social reformers may well be irritated at the public odium brought on reform in general by the absurdities and inconsistencies practised in its name.

The intelligent portion of social reformers are nearly all looking in the direction of "*Modern Times*." The identity of this movement with the *Phalanstery of Charles Fourier*, in the most essential principles, is beginning to be recognised by the most advanced social reformers here. The essential conditions of associative industry, as conceived of by Fourier, either exist, or may be reasonably expected to grow up spontaneously, in the "Equitable Village." The organization of domestic industry, and the various *economies* which constitute the very staple of the previous reformatory attempts, will here be based on their natural—perhaps only possible—foundation; while, in regard to the social relations, this movement has advantages which must inevitably give it the predominance over all narrower schemes.

The fact is, that in this country it is just here where the real difficulty lies. In the United States, generally, labour is well paid—abundantly paid. Although I have never visited the Southern States, I am well satisfied that even including them, there is no country in the world where the men and women who actually do the hard work of society receive for their own consumption so large an amount of its produce. And, further, in no country in the world do those into whose hands society commits the charge of its vast masses of accumulated wealth, employ those masses more for the general welfare and progress of humanity. They are satisfied with that which exists; they will not hear of any other. From time to time effecting practical ameliorations, many of which contain, too, the germs of grand ulterior developements, they feel themselves already the most highly-favoured people in the world, and flatter themselves, not without good reason, that they cannot better serve humanity than by seizing every occasion for extending the area over which floats proudly the banner of the stars and stripes—emblem of freedom, industry and plenty.

The field, then, of industrial organization, is almost closed against the reformer. But turn your glance towards social relations, and the picture will be very different. This is in reality the dark side of American life. I have been here now over two years, and I know strangers cannot penetrate so far. I do not hesitate to say that nowhere in the world is there so wide-spread domestic unhappiness as here in the United States of America, especially among the more wealthy classes. True, I judge mainly from what I know of the great cities, not being acquainted personally with the country in the great States of the West. The more general symptoms, however, are not confined to any locality. The Women's Rights Conventions are attended as well in Ohio as in any Eastern States. And they are not the only symptom; *spirit-rapping* itself is, I am well assured from what I have seen, indicative of social disease, especially in relation to the domestic circle.

Social reforms, then, which limit themselves to industrial organization, and studiously ignore the existence of the deepest and most wide-spread social disease, and the social want thereby indicated, may well be failures. They have been, they are, they will be. It is upon this rock that the North American Phalanstery has split; the same will shatter the Raritan Bay Union, with all its business-like management and practical talents. The Modern Times Reform alone attempts to grapple with this master difficulty, and it does it in the way at once manly and philosophical—of boldly guaranteeing to woman her natural right and highest duty, that of supreme sovereignty in her own legitimate domain—that of the affections.

A want of profound sincerity is, I believe, the essential cause of these associationist failures.—Commencing by an attempted expurgation of the *immoral portions* of Fourier's doctrines, the movement only drew upon itself a double suspicion; the imagination *supplied the untranslated portions* of Fourier's works, while the attempt at concealment became an ineffaceable impeachment both upon the manliness and integrity of the entire cause. The incipient vice propagated itself thro' all the subsequent stages: and the most striking feature in the history of all these associations, down to the incidents of my five months' stay at the North American Phalanstery, is the want of manly sincerity in the leading men.

But the vice is general throughout American society. It seems to me a natural consequence of the too-much prolonged attempt to "believe in the incredible," succeeded by a public profession of what the mind is ultimately compelled to recognise as "inconsistent with known facts." The decay of real religious faith, indeed, is, I am convinced, at the bottom of much of the social misery existing in this country. The people have lost their old faiths, and with them the basis of their moral sentiments, and have found no new ones. Hence the general decay of the moral sentiment: for it is Mrs. Grundy alone who keeps society together here! The moral *sentiment* is low indeed; an unbridled selfishness rules over all. Personal interest is, in these days, coming to be regarded—and not in this country alone—as the sole motive worthy of a rational man. I am well assured that a man who pretended to be actuated by any other, would be distrusted throughout all *commercial* circles.

Is it any wonder, then, that woman suffers?—woman, our *moral providence*? With the moral sentiments the human affections fall to a discount; and Women's Rights Conventions are naturally the order of the day. If the Modern Times Reform did nothing but utter its protest against the rampant selfishness which disdains all considerations but that of individual interests—material interests, too—it would merit our sympathy, and prove itself something far other than the merely disorganizing influence for which Henry James has mistaken it.

H. E.

Education in Russia

Very little is known in this country of the habits, feelings, and state of civilization of the Russians. We are accustomed to consider them a benighted nation of slaves, inhabiting a country into which the schoolmaster has not yet penetrated; but the following statistical details, drawn from reliable sources, may perhaps give our readers a different impression, or at least enable them to form some idea of the actual state of public instruction in the empire of the Czar.

There are appertaining to the department of the Minister of Public Instruction: 6 universities, 1 normal school, 3 lyceums, 77 gymnasia, 433 district school, 1,068 town schools and 592 private schools; in all 2,810 establishments for education, under the care of 5,594 teachers, and containing 118,327 students. This is in Russia proper. Russian Poland has, besides, 1,539 schools of various kinds, frequented by 84,584 students, 183 of which are private institutions; and in the Caucasus are no less than 45 schools, 8 of which are private, with 237 teachers and 3,302 students.

There are 21 theolorical seminaries, belonging to the Greek church, with 72 teachers and 1,261 students; 14 of the Armenian doctrine, with 45 teachers and 728 students; 8 teachers and 669 students in the Lutheran establishment; and 11 Mohammedan schools, 7 of which are of the Shute order and 4 of the Sannite persuasion, instructing in all 586 students.

There are 27 military colleges, all of which are under the direction of the heir apparent, the Grand Duke Cæsar Alexander. They are superintended by 865 professors, and are frequented by 8,090 students.

In addition there are ten naval schools, with 3,920 students under the charge of 337 teachers.

The Minister of the Finances has 85 schools belonging to his department. He employs 461 teachers and instructs 9,779 students.

The foundations of the Empress Mary are 40 in number—30 schools for girls, with 659 tutoresses and 5,877 pupils, and 10 for boys, with 80 masters and 1,938 pupils.

There are two schools of civil engineering, with 85 professors and 416 students; three law schools, with 93 professors and 591 students, and three schools appertaining to the Post office Department, with 93 professors and 591 students, and six institutions under the direction of the Secretary of State, with 96 professors and 993 student. These are all, probaply, intended to fit young men for official life. We must not forget an institution devoted to the teaching of the oriental languages, with 30 professors and 207 students.

There are 26 agricultural schools, with 124 teachers and 1,591 students; and 2,696 village schools in the domain of the crown, employing 2,783 teachers, and giving instruction to 14,064 males and 4,843 females.

Thus, it appears that in Russia 257,597 young persons are receiving instruction of some kind, from 14,577 teachers—at the rate of one teacher to 17 1-2 pupils—a very favorable proportion to the student. The population of Russia proper may be set down at about 55,000,000, so that only one individual in 220 receives the benefits of instruction. This is a small proportion compared with the United States, where, according to the last census report, 4,000,000 of youth, at the rate of one in every five free persons, are receiving instruction from 115,000 teachers in nearly 100,000 schools and colleges. Nevertheless, 250,000 well-educated young persons, dispersed each year in the different quarters of that huge empire, cannot fail to gradually leave there mark upon the national character, in good time.

We know more about the quantity than the quality of these schools, as Russian publicists have seldom anything to say on the subject; but it is generally admitted that the military institutions are of the highest order. The agricultural school of the imperial demain is said to be admirably managed, and is under the immediate supervision of Nicholas. 250 peasants are thoroughly instructed in theoretical and practical cultivation, and are then sent to model farms in various parts of the country, to set a reforming example to the neighborhood. The tuition lasts four years, and is divided into three periods. In the first year, the boys are taught reading writing, arithemetic and surveying. In the second grammar, mathematics, and the elements of agriculture; and during the third and fourth, agriculture; practically as well as theoretically, and mechanics. Besides these branches, they are instructed in trades which may be useful to the farmer, such as tailoring, shoe making, cabinet making, cooperage, blacksmiths, and carpenter's work, and in the construction of agricultural machines. A foundry, a brickyard, a pottery, tanyard, a candle and soap factory, and a windmill are attached to the school. It is not required that each student shall pursue all these branches. The teachers are to judge of the aptitude of each pupil, and to direct him accordingly—but every one upon leaving the establishment is expected to possess a thorough acquaintance with the general principles and practice of agriculture, and a competent knowledge of the collateral branches.

At the last exposition of the agricultural products of Russia, at St. Petersburg the various objects sent in by this school excited great attention. The leathers, in particular, were of so fine a quality that they were selected for exhibition in the World's Fair of London in 1851.

Public instruction was commenced in Russia as far back as in the early part of the 17th century but it was not until the time of Peter the Great that it began to take the shape and direction it has since assumed. In 1724, he founded the Academy of Sciences at St Petersburg; he had already established the first naval school. In 1755 the Empress Elizabeth founded the University of Moscow, the oldest in Russia, and in 1757 the Academy of Arts. Catharine 12 founded the college of Moscow in 1763, the college of St. Petersburg in 1772; and in 1783, the Russian Academy, which now forms the second division of the Academy of Sciences.

Paul established, in 1799, the Academy of surgery and Medicine. In 1802, Alexander created the office of Minister of Public instruction, animated by a desire to raise the moral level of his people. In 1804, he founded an Engineer's school and two universities—that of Kasaw and Charkow—and continued, until the end of his reign, to give great attention to the subject of education. Among other foundations which the Russians owe to him are the school for the Deaf and Dumb, the Orphan Asylum of Gatschina, and the College of Midwives.

Under the Czar Nicholas, public education in Russia has taken a new start and a new direction, and primary schools, under government supervisions, have been established throughout the empire.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

American Manners.

Bishop Potter, a man who has done great service in the cause of education in this country, in a recent address speaks of American manners in the following language:

"I am a little afraid that a great many people in this country are rather prone to undervalue this part of education. Certainly we have no admiration for any thing finical or affected in manners. We don't want the manners of a village dancing school. But genuine good breeding, gentle manners, ease, modesty, and propriety of bearing, we do exceedingly value.

When shall we cease to be described as a spitting nation? as a lounging people? When shall we cease to be known by our slovenly speech, by our practice of sitting with our feet higher than our head.

During an excursion of several months in Europe last year, I met hundreds of English at home and on the Continent, in every sort of situation. I never saw one spit. I cannot remember that I ever saw one, however fatigued, lounging or sitting in an unbecoming manner.

So long as the State shall feel itself obliged to provide 'spittoons' for its legislative halls; so long as the directors of our railroads shall find occasion to attach to the inside of their carriages, printed requests to their passengers to 'use the spittoons' and not the floor, and not to put up their feet upon the seats: so long as we shall continue to fill our conversation and our political harrangues with the slang of the fish market, let us not be surprised or angry if foreigners sometimes make themselves witty at our expense.

And, in the meantime, let all those who are entrusted with the care of the young, use their utmost efforts to correct these national barbarisms, and to form the manners of the rising generation, after a model more elevated and refined."

ETIQUETTE.—It is related of a young Austrian prince, who was very hungry, that he remained several hours contemplating a dish, which he could not touch according to etiquette, because the officer in rank was absent in the country, and could not be at his post in less than half a day. But the prince would have sooner died of hunger than suffer a point of etiquette to be transgressed.

Marie Antoinette, Queen of France, is said to have caught a severe cold one day, while waiting to have an under garment put on, the lady in waiting being at the time absent, and the next lady not daring to infringe the law of etiquette, which rendered the pleasing office of dressing the Queen the exclusive privilege of the first lady of the bed-chamber.

UP TO HIM.—A pedlar calling on an elderly lady, the other day, to dispose of some goods, in his conversation inquired if she could tell him of any road that no pedlar ever travelled. "Yes," said she, "I know of one, and only one, which no pedlar has ever traveled, (the pedlars countenance brightened) and that's the road to Heaven!"

☞ "De congregashun vil plesh to sing the von tousand ant two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson, as he gave out the morning hymn.—"There are not so many in the book, responded the chorister." "Vel den plesh to sing so many as tare be"

Who was the Gentleman?

"Please, sir, don't push so."

It was in endeavoring to penetrate the dense crowd that nearly filled the entrance, and blocked up the doorway, after one of our popular lectures, that this exclamation met my attention. It proceeded from a little girl of not more than ten years, who hemmed by the wall on one side, and the crowd on the other, was vainly endeavoring to extricate herself.

The person addressed paid no attention to the entreaty of the little one, but pushed on towards the door.

"Look here, sir," said a man whose coarse apparel, sturdy frame, and toil embrowned hands contrasted strongly with the delicately gloved fingers, curling locks and expensive broadcloth of the former. "Look here, sir, you're a jamming that little gal's bonnet all tew smash, with them elbows of yourn."

"Can't help that," gruffly replied the individual addressed: "I look to No. One."

"You take care of No. One, do you? Wall, that's all fair; so do I," replied the honest countryman, and with these words, he took the little girl in his arms, and placing his broad shoulders against the slight form of the latter, he pushed him through the crowd, down the steps, landing him with somewhat more haste than dignity, in the street below.

The young gentleman picked himself up, but rather intimidated by the stout fist of the stranger, and rather abashed by the laughter of the crowd, concluded it was about time for him to go home.

In polite society the former would be courted and admired, and the latter overlooked and despised; "who was the gentleman?"

On a raw and blustering day last winter, a young girl, with a basket on her arm, entered one of our stores. After making a few purchases, she turned to leave. Two gentlemen stood in the doorway, whose appearance indicated that they thought themselves something, whose soft, sleek coats and delicate hands were apparently of about the same quality as their brains.

As they made not the slightest movement as she approached, the young girl hesitated a moment, but seeing no other way, she politely requested them to stand aside. They lazily moved a few inches, allowing her barely room to pass, giving her, as she did so, a broad stare, that brought the color to her check, and the fire to her eye.

In stepping upon the icy pavement her foot slipped, and in endeavoring to save herself, her basket fell, and the wind scattered its contents in every direction.

At this, the two gentlemen burst into a loud laugh, and seemed to consider it as vastly amusing.

"Let me assist you," exclaimed a pleasant voice, and a lad about sixteen, whose hands showed that they were accustomed to labor, and whose coarse, but well patched coat indicated that he was the child of poverty, sprang forward, and gathering up the articles, presented the basket with a bow and a smile that would have graced a drawing room. "Who was the gentleman?"

Boys, you are all ambitious to become gentlemen. That is all very natural, but remember, that neither your own nor your parents' position in life, your tailor, your boot-black, or your barber can make you one. The true gentleman is the same everywhere: not only at the social party or ball, but in the noisy mill, the busy shop, the crowded assembly, at home or in the street; never oppressing the weak or ridiculing the unfortunate; respectful and attentive to his superiors; pleasant and affable to his equals; careful and tender of the feelings of those whom he may consider beneath him.—*Nassau Tel.*

Nathaniel Hawthorne on Woman's Rights.

Despise woman? No! She is the most admirable handiwork of God, in her true place and character. Her place is at man's side. Her office, that of the sympathiser; the unreserved, unquestioning believer; the recognizition, withheld in every other manner, but given in pity, through woman's heart, lest man should utterly lose faith in himself; the echo of God's own voice, pronouncing, "It is well done!" All the separate action of woman is, and ever has been, and always shall be, false, foolish, vain, destructive of her own best and holiest qualities, void of every good effect, and productive of intolerable mischiefs! Man is a wretch without woman; but woman is a monster—and, thank Heaven an almost impossible and hitherto imaginary monster—without man as her acknowlegad principal! As true as I had once a mother whom I loved, were there any possible prospect of woman's taking the social stand which some of them—poor, miserable, abortive creatures, who only dream of such things because they have missed woman's peculiar happiness, or because nature made them really neither man or woman! if there were a chance of their attaining the end which these pitticoated monstrosities have in view, I would call upon my own sex to use its physical force, that unmistakable evidence of sovereignty, to scourge them back within their proper bounds! But it will not be needful. The heart of true womanhood knows where its own sphere is, and never seeks to stray beyond it!

OUR OPINION.—I have found, says Addison, that the men who are really the most fond of the ladies, who cherish for them the highest respect, are seldom the most popular with the sex. Men of great assurance, whose tongues are highly hung, who make words supply the place of ideas, and there favorites. A due respect for women leads to respectful action towards them: and respect is mistaken by them for neglect or want of interest.

Worthy of a Yankee.

A Jersey Tavern keeper who had become more celebrated for the length of his bills than for the abundance of his table, met with one as sharp as himself on one occasion. A Yankee happening to pass through that barbarous region, stopped at this man's hotel and ordered dinner. When he came to pay the bill he was astonished to find it stretched out to the round sum of six dollars.—This rather startled the Yankee, and he demanded to know what he had eaten, that such a bill should be charged. The landlord replied, "the bill will show you." On consulting it he found several kinds of wines and extras.

"Well, look here! I didn't have none of your wines—there was none of that 'ere stuff brought on for me, and I won't pay the bill!"

"Oh, we never wait for orders here—we know our business," replied the landlord. "The wine was on the table, and you could drink it or not, that was your business, not ours."

The Yankee saw there was no use in quarrelling about the matter, with a broken heart he paid the bill. Three months after that our Eastern friend again made his appearance at the hotel and called for dinner. When he sat down to the table he laid a twenty dollar bill at the side of his plate and ordered all the delicacies he could think of all the wines he could stomach. While eating his dinner he called the attention of the landlord to the bill as to whether it was genuine or not. The landlord looked at it replied that it was and handed it back. As soon as the Yankee had finished he put the money in his pocket, walked out of the house and jumped into his wagon.

"Hellow!" said the landlord, "you've not paid your bill!"

"It,s your own fault," said the Yankee, "I never wait to have a bill presented to me—*the money laid on the table and you could have taken it or not* just as you told me about the wine three months ago yesterday."

The landlord swor a few as the Yankee's horse spattered the mud up the road.

PREVALENCE OF BALDNESS.—From some cause or other, baldness seems to befall much younger men than it did thirty or forty years ago. A very observant hatter informed us a short time since, that he imagined much of it was owing to the common use of wearing silk hats, which, from their impermeability to the air, keep the head at a much higher temperature than the old beaver structures, which, he also informed us, went out principally because we had used up all the beavers in the Hudson Bay Company's territories. The adoption of silk hats has, however, given them time, it seems, to replenish the breed. This fact affords a singular instance of the influence of fashion upon the animals of a remote continent. It would be more singular still if the silk hat theory of baldness has any truth in it, as it would then turn out that we were sacrificing our own natural nap in order that the beaver may recover his. Without endorsing the speculative opinion of our hatter, we may, we believe, state it as a well known circumstance, that soldiers in helmetted regiments are oftner bald than any other of our heroic defenders.—*Quarterly Review.*

QUICK REPARTEE.—Gov. Morris had a high respect for Bishop Moore, a man noted not only for the purity of his character, but also for the retiring modesty of his disposition, and for the general favor in which he was held. As the story ran—a dinner was given by some one of Gov. Morris' friends, when he was about departing for Europe. Bishop Moore and his wife were of the party.—Among other things that passed in conversation, Mr. Morris said that he had made his will in prospect of going abroad; and turning to Bishop Moore, said to him:

"My Rev. friend, I have bequeathed to you my whole stock of impudence."

Bishop Moore replied:

"Sir, you are not only very kind, but very generous; you have left to me by far the largest portion of your estate."

Mrs. Moore immediately added:

"My dear, you have come into possession of your inheritance remarkably soon."

MARRIAGE.—When youth weds youth for love, it is beautiful: when youth weds age for money, it is monstrous, and only hate, misery, criminality come from it. Of those "thrice sodden fools" who marry their grandfathers and grandmothers, old Thomas Fuller says, with equal truth and wit: "They that marry ancient people merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves in hopes some one may come and cut the halter."

☞ "During your travels in Canada, Mr. Slocum, did you meet with anything that arrested your attention?"

"Yes, sir—a deputy sheriff. He not only arrested my attention, but my person, and marched us both off to Lincoln county jail, "for crossing the line" without paying duty on a yaller dog."

A NOTE ON NOSES.—It was Napoleon who said, "Strange as it may appear, when I want any good head work done, I choose a man, provided his education has been suitable, with a long nose.—His breathing is bold and free, and his brain, as well as his lungs and heart, cool and clear. In my observations of men, I have almost invariably found a long nose and head go toether.

☞ The following is the address of a letter recently put into the Post office at Springfield:

"This wants too go too Pat O neal he usid too lyve in West field but heese after baing gorn too Southwic now but ha will ba in westfield nex week for after a Job and ha will pay for itt."

☞ An old author says: "God and doctor we alike adore—Just on the brink of danger—not before—The danger past, both are alike requited—God is forgotten, and the doctor slighted."